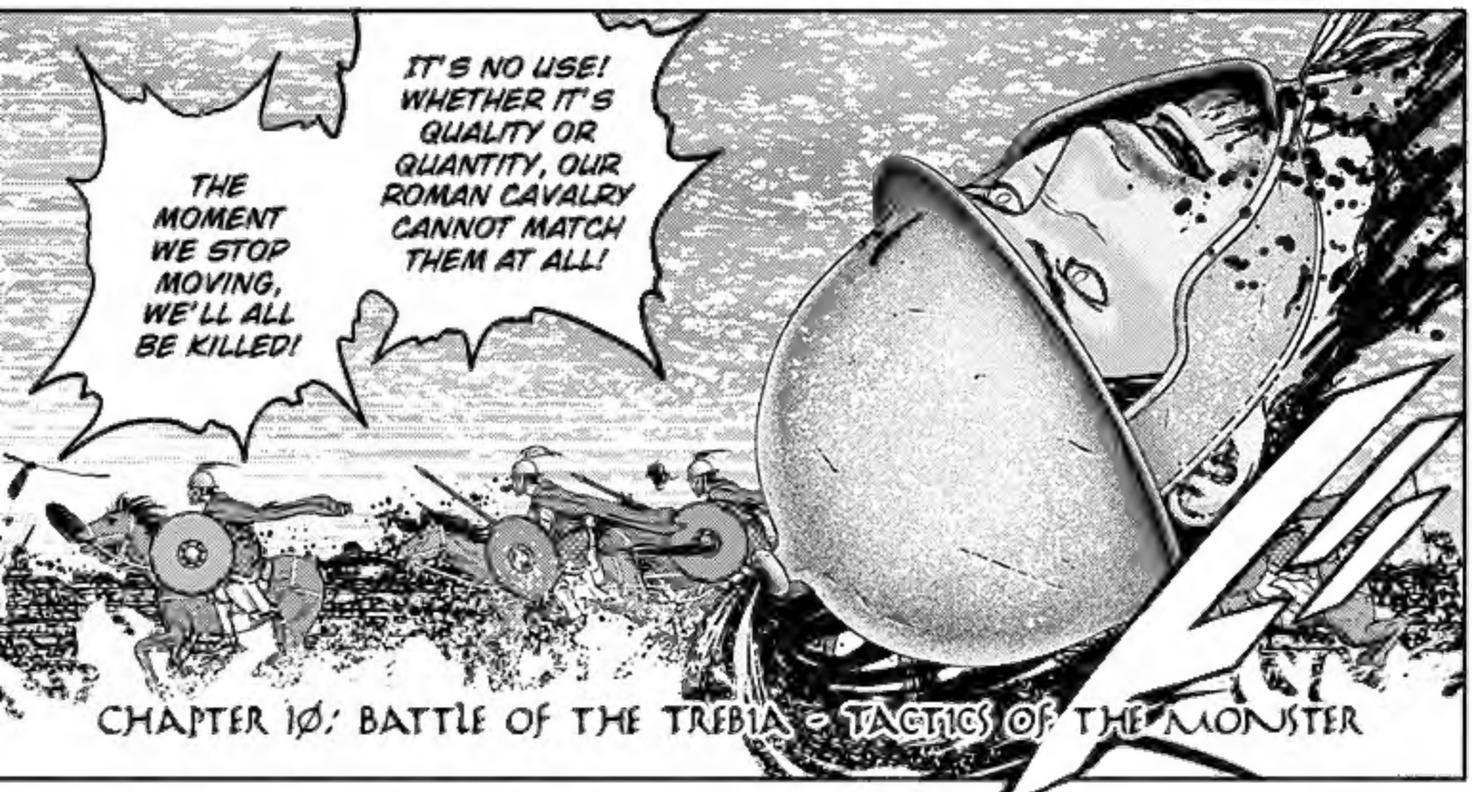

CHAPTER 10: BATTLE OF THE TREBIA - TACTICS OF THE MONSTER

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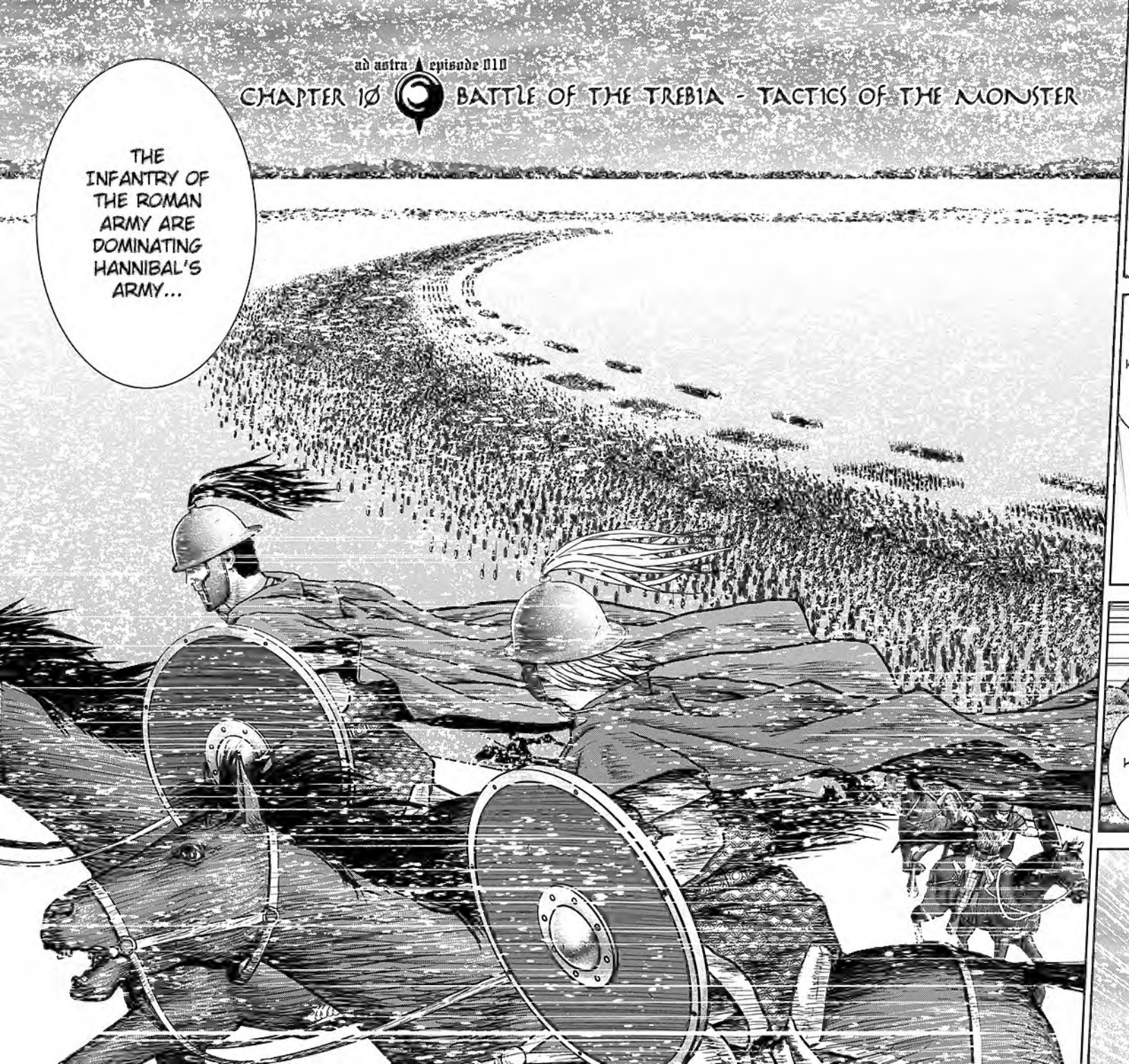
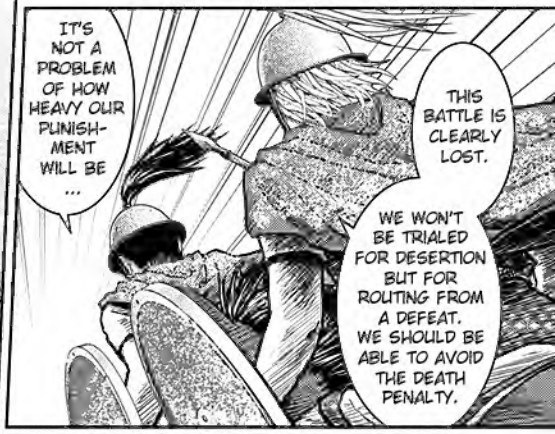




CONCEN-
TRATE YOUR
ATTACKS ON
THE CENTRE,
SWEEP AWAY
THE ENEMY
IN ONE
PUSH!
SEND
IN THE
SECOND
BATTLE
LINE, THE
PRINCIPES!

...IT'S
JUST AS
YOU SAID,
THAT MAN
IS NOT
SIMPLY A
GLORY-
HOUND.

ARE
FIGHTING
ONWARDS
TO GRASP
VICTORY
WITH THEIR
HANDS.
UNDER HIS
COMMAND,
THE FOOTMEN
WHO SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
TOO COLD TO
MOVE...

WE WILL
SPLIT THE
ENEMY'S
BATTLE LINES
IN TWO, THEN
CHARGE IN
AND CLAIM
HANNIBAL'S
HEAD!

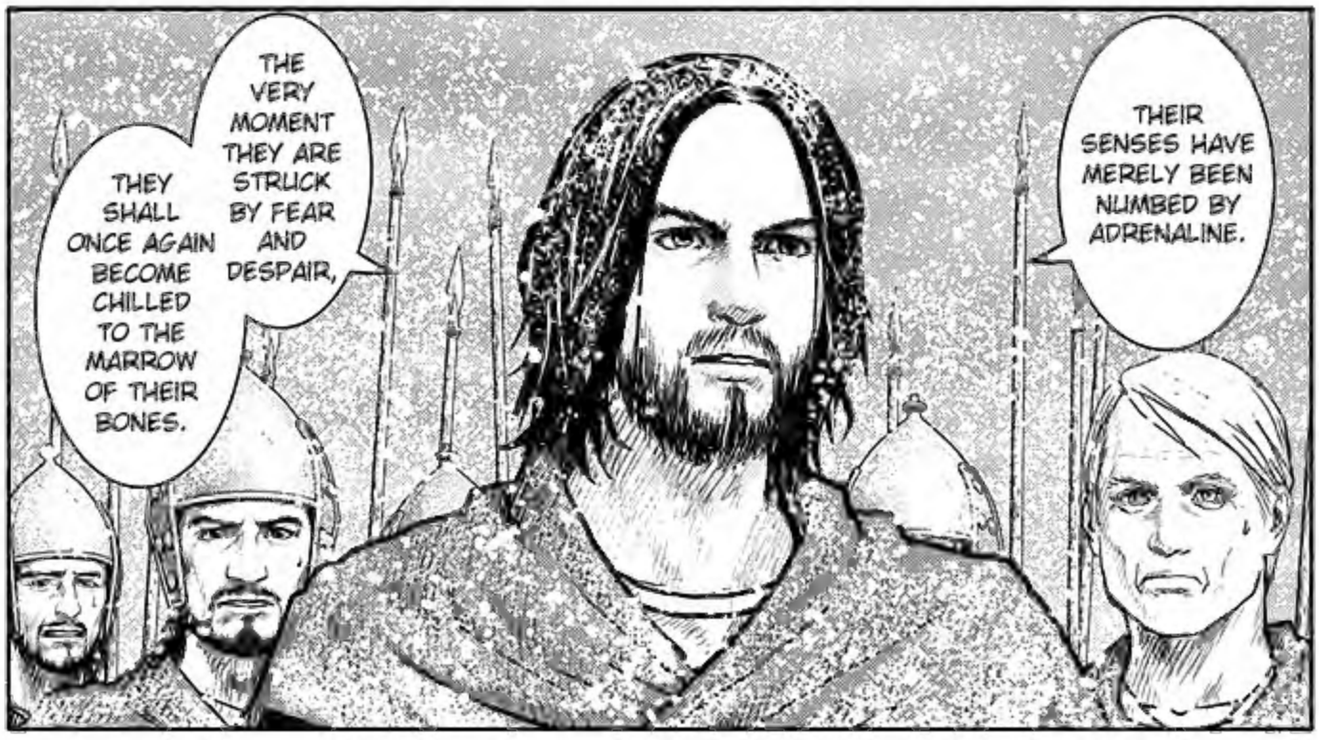
IF WE, THE PATRICIANS WERE TO FLEE WHILE THE PLEBS WERE GIVING IT THEIR ALL,
THEN EVEN IF WE WERE NOT EXECUTED FOR OUR ACTIONS ...
WE WOULD BE SEEN AS LAUGHING-STOCKS, A COMPLETE DISGRACE TO THE ROMAN ARMY.

D-DECU-RION! SIR!

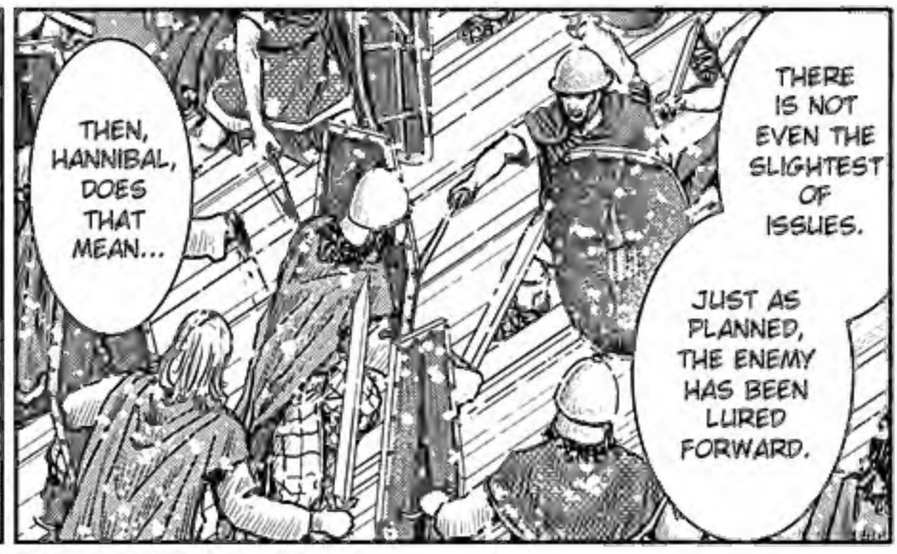
ﾌﾞﾛﾛﾛﾛ

I'M GOING TO TAKE MY TIME KILLING YOU.
SLIPPERY LITTLE RATS, AREN'T YOU? SCURRYING AROUND LIKE THAT.
NOW THAT THE MIGHTY MAHARBAL IS HERE, THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD FOR YOU.
WOAH, WOAH. THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO.
OH SHIT ...
IF WE ARE TO FALL HERE, THEN IT WILL ONLY BE AFTER OUR BLADES HAVE BEEN DYED CRIMSOM WITH YOUR BLOOD!
WE ARE THE MARCUS DECURY, PROUD PATRICIANS OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC!
BUT...
STEEL YOUR-SELVES, MEN...
THESE SNOWY PLAINS SHALL BE WHERE WE MEET OUR END...

THESE ROMAN SOLDIERS AREN'T WEAK AT ALL!
THAT LITTLE SHIT HANNIBAL! THIS ISN'T ANYTHING LIKE WHAT HE SAID!
DAMN IT, HURRY THE HELL UP! WE CAN'T HOLD ON FOREVER!
O! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR!?
HURRY UP AND DO YOUR THING ALREADY!
SO THESE ARE THE REMARK-ABLE RESERVES OF STRENGTH POSSESSED BY ROMAN SOLDIERS...
NO SIGN OF THE EFFECTS FROM CROSSING THE FREEZING TREBIA CAN BE SEEN...
THERE IS NOTHING TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT, SILENOS.
BUT NOW...
HANNIBAL'S PLANS MAY HAVE PROGRESSED SMOOTHLY THUS FAR,


THEIR SENSES HAVE MERELY BEEN NUMBED BY ADRENALINE.
THE VERY MOMENT THEY ARE STRUCK BY FEAR AND DESPAIR,
THEY SHALL ONCE AGAIN BECOME CHILLED TO THE MARROW OF THEIR BONES.

THE BATTLE ENDS HERE.


THEN, HANNIBAL, DOES THAT MEAN...
THERE IS NOT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST OF ISSUES.
JUST AS PLANNED, THE ENEMY HAS BEEN LURED FORWARD.

LET THE MASSACRE COMMENCE.

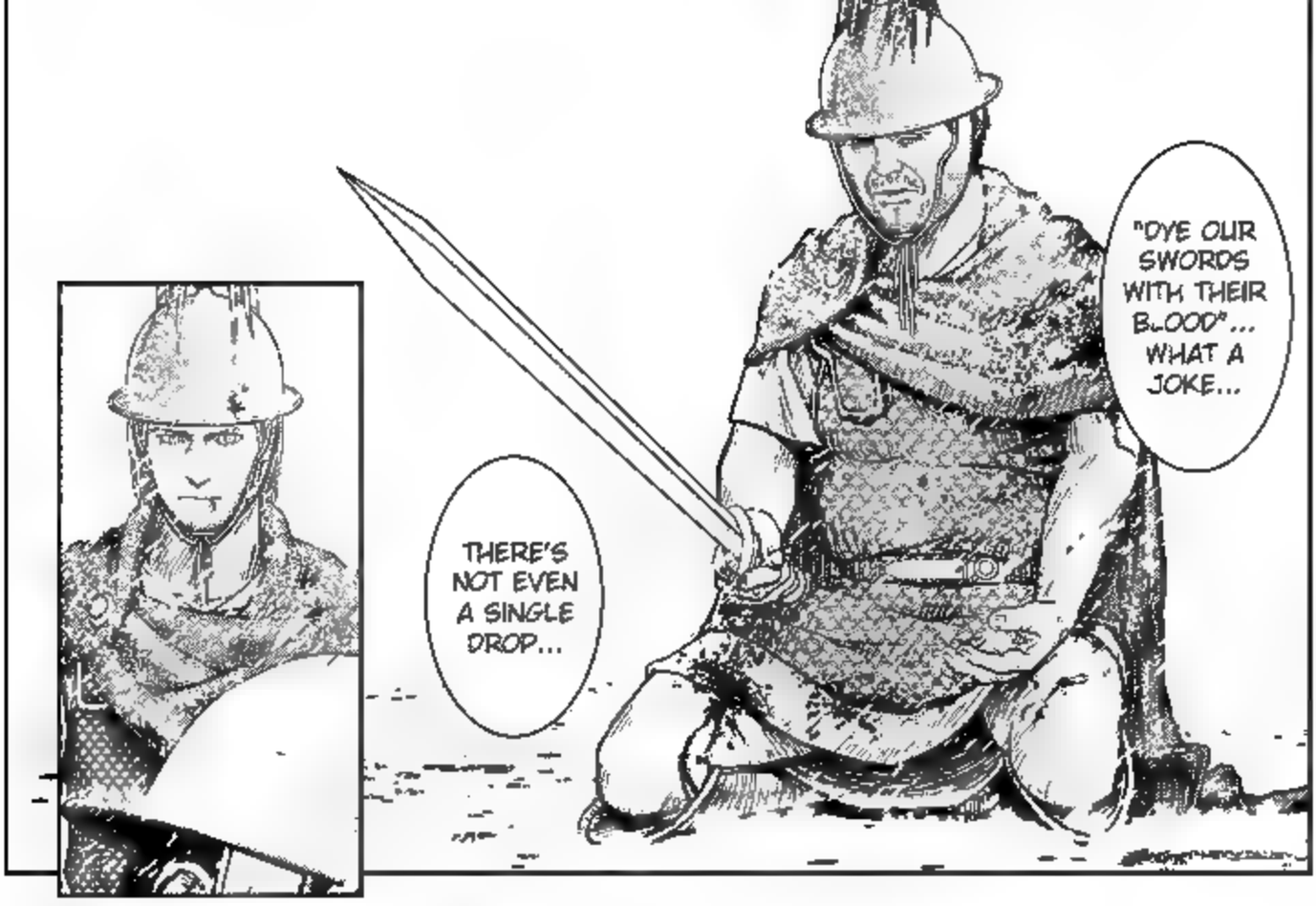
SURROUND AND ANNIHILATE THEM!

HUFF
HUFF
MY FATHER WAS ACTUALLY DEFEATED BY THESE WEAKLINGS?... HOW PATHETIC.
YOU ARE WEAK ...
SO WEAK IT'S NOT EVEN WORTH PLAYING AROUND WITH YOU.
I'M GOING TO DIE...

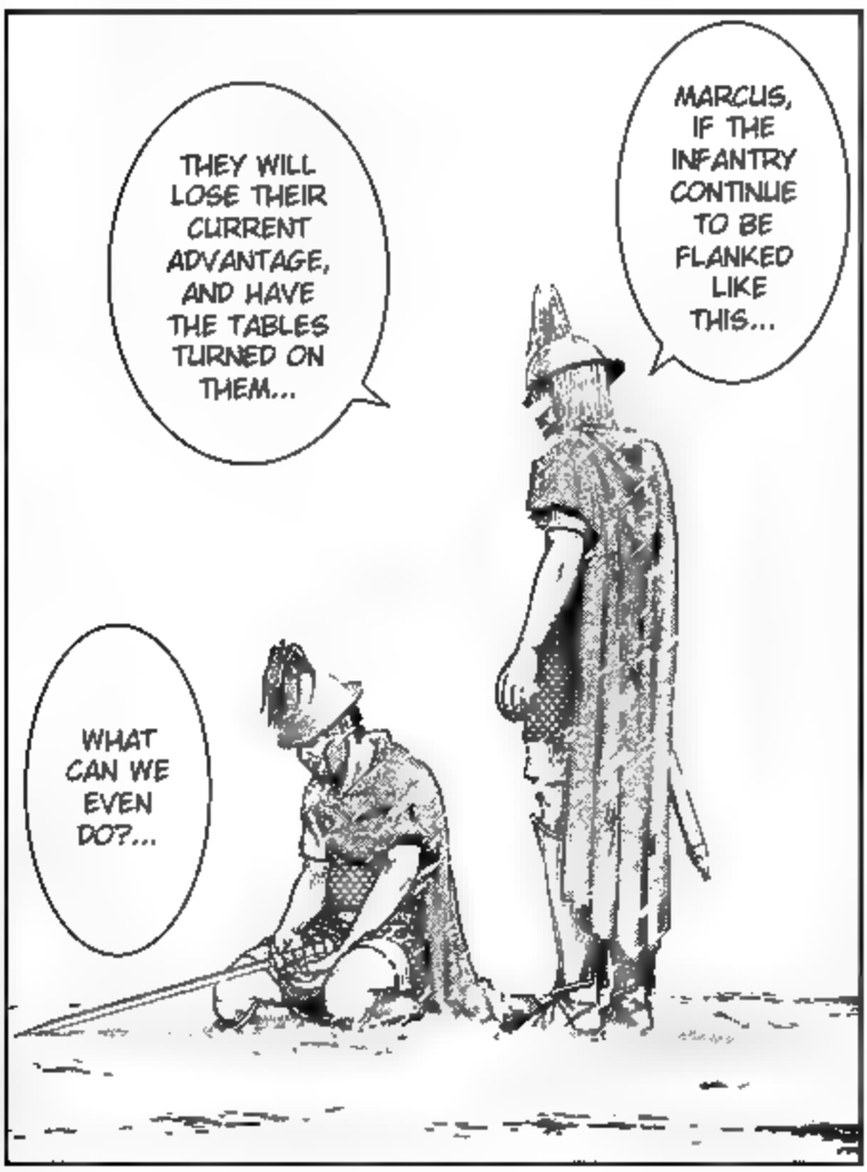
WHAT WASTE OF MY TIME.
TINK

FORGET THE SMALL FRIES, WE'RE MOVING INTO A FLANKING ATTACK!
A FLANK ATTACK
LOOKS LIKE IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY BOY

OUR FLANK'S BEING CHEWED APART BY THE ENEMY CAVALRY!
HEY! WHAT THE HELL ARE THE PATRICIANS DOING!?
IT SEEMS WE WERE LUCKY
THEY WERE SIMPLY TOYING WITH US
BUT WE HAVEN'T LOST ANYONE
WE'VE SOME HEAVILY WOUNDED
THUS IS EVERYONE OKAY

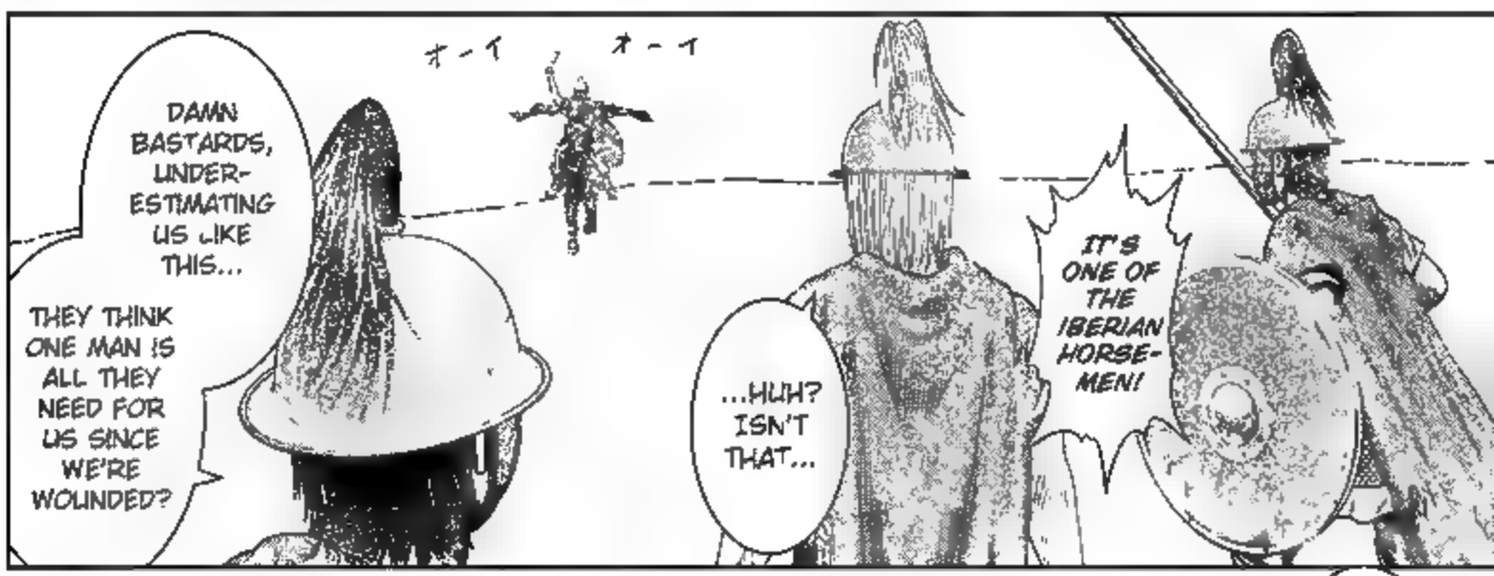

"DYE OUR SWORDS WITH THEIR BLOOD"... WHAT A JOKE...
THERE'S NOT EVEN A SINGLE DROP...

WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE, BUT TO ENTRUST THEIR FATES...
TO THE SKILLS OF THAT MAN, SEMPRONIUS...


MARCUS, IF THE INFANTRY CONTINUE TO BE FLANKED LIKE THIS...
THEY WILL LOSE THEIR CURRENT ADVANTAGE, AND HAVE THE TABLES TURNED ON THEM...
WHAT CAN WE EVEN DO?...

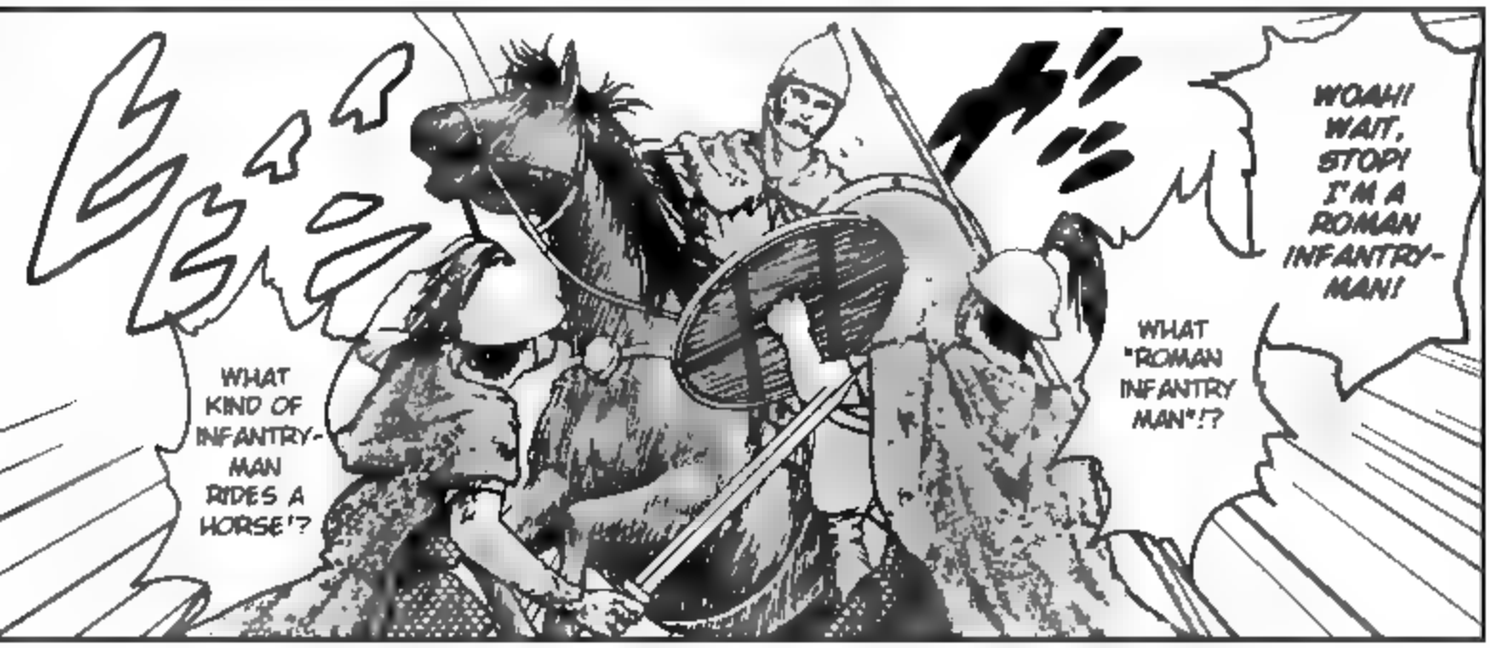
HAVING REALISED HOW POWERLESS WE TRULY ARE...
I'VE EVEN LOST THE WILL TO KEEP UP A STRONG FRONT ...
...
THE SMALL CHANCE OF VICTORY THAT THE INFANTRY HAVE FOUGHT SO HARD FOR WILL...
...BUT AT THE RATE THIS IS GOING,
パカラ
パカラ
WHAT !?
ONE OF THE ENEMY RIDERS HAS RETURNED FOR US!

FINALLY, I'VE FOUND SOMEONE WHO WILL LISTEN TO ME!
THANK THE GODS I MADE IT TO HIM!
I KNEW IT, THAT REALLY IS SCIPIO!


DAMN BASTARDS, UNDER-ESTIMATING US LIKE THIS...
THEY THINK ONE MAN IS ALL THEY NEED FOR US SINCE WE'RE WOUNDED?
オーイ
オーイ
...HUH? ISN'T THAT...
IT'S ONE OF THE IBERIAN HORSE-MEN!

PIOOO!
YOOHOO! SCI-

IT'S TIME FOR PAYBACK, IBERIAN SCUM!
LET'S GO, TITUS! KILL THAT BASTARD!

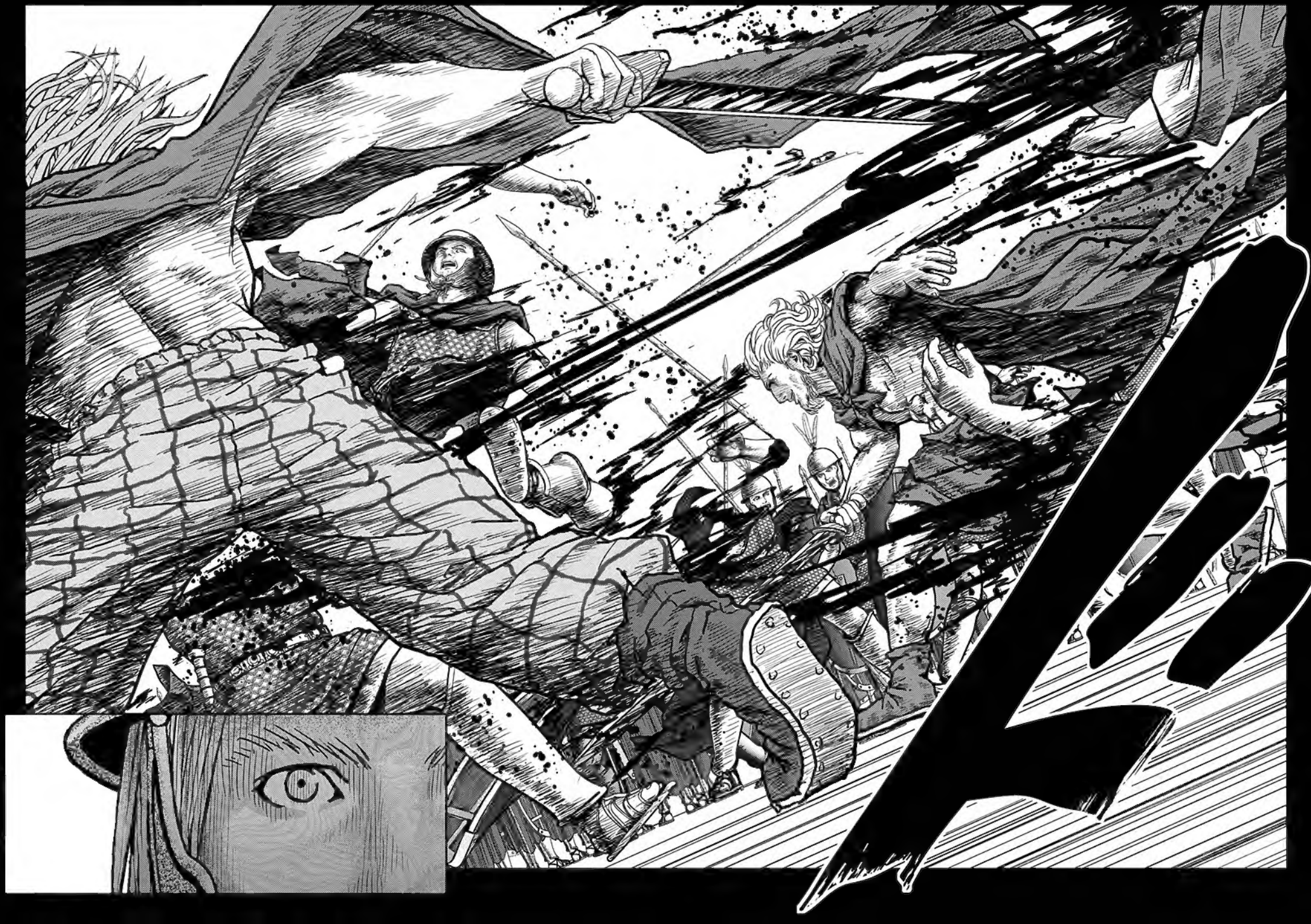

WHAT KIND OF INFANTRY-MAN RIDES A HORSE!?
WHAT "ROMAN INFANTRY MAN"!?
WOAH! WAIT, STOP! I'M A ROMAN INFANTRY-MAN!

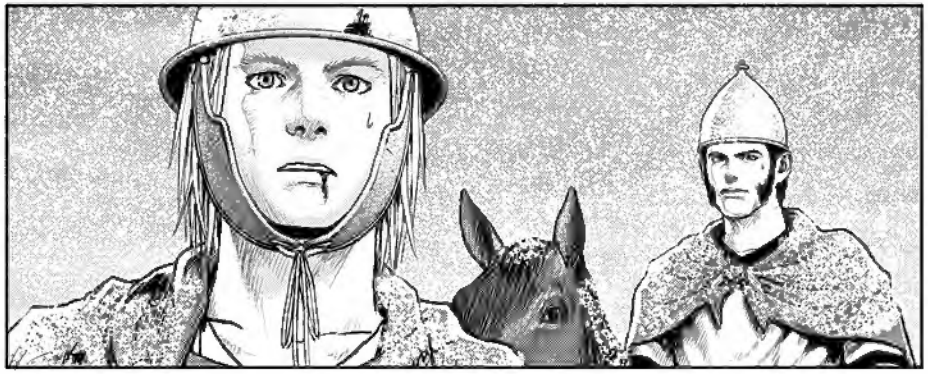
WHAT?

GAIUS! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING!?

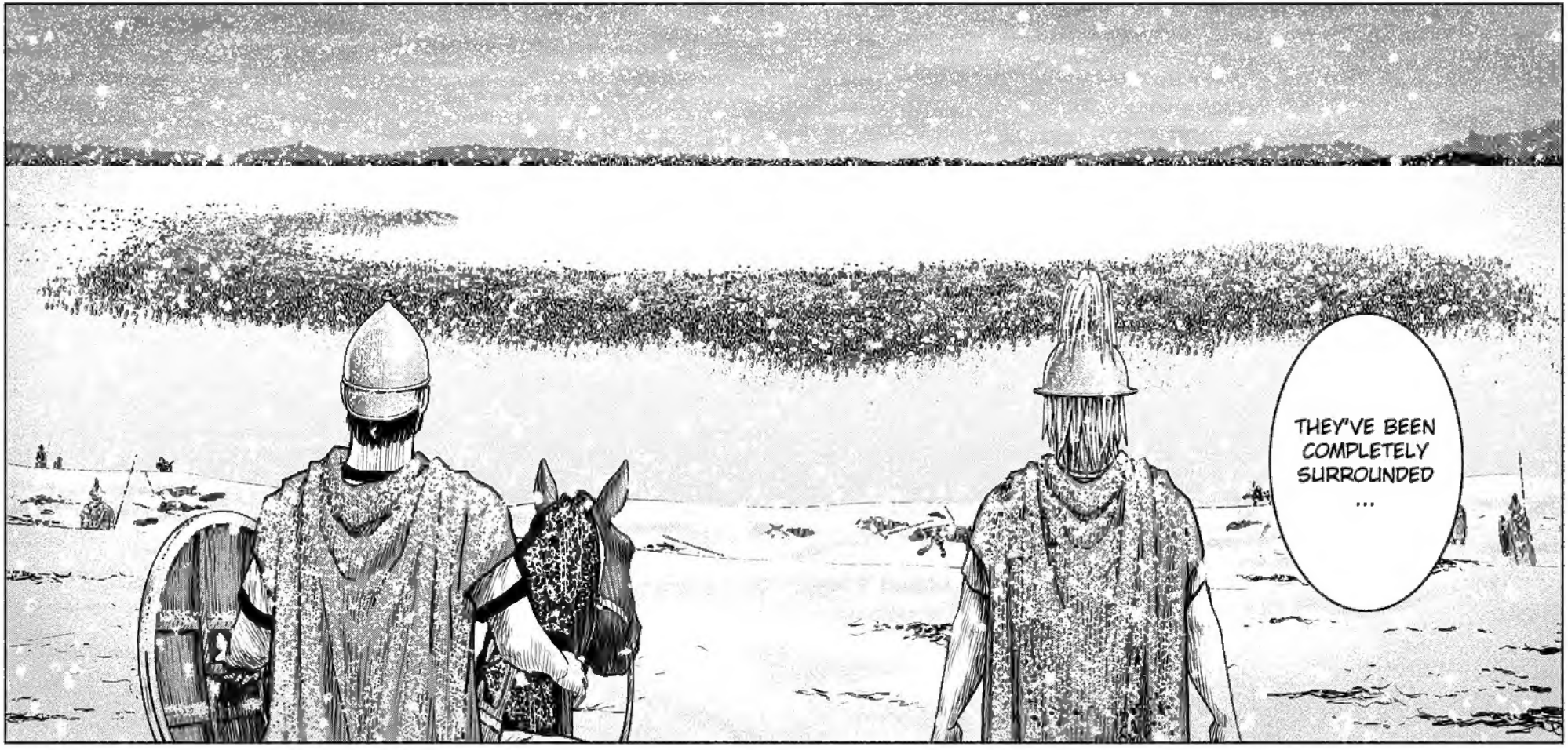
THEY ARE THE ELITE OF THE ELITES! TRULY, THE CREAM OF THE CROP OF HANNIBAL'S ARMY!
WHAT'S MORE IS THAT THEY'RE COMPOSED OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE 2000 MEN OF HANNIBAL'S ALREADY POWERFUL WARRIORS.
HANNIBAL HAS HIDDEN A DETACHMENT IN THE UNDERBRUSH BEHIND THE BATTLE-GROUND
THEY'RE LED BY MAGO, HANNIBAL'S YOUNGER BROTHER!
HE PLANS TO USE THEM TO ENTRAP THE ROMAN INFANTRY AND COMPLETELY DESTROY THEM
THE PLAN IS FOR THEM TO LAUNCH AN AMBUSH ON THE ROMAN LINE'S REAR

JUST WHAT IS HAPPENING OUT IN FRONT!?
TRUMPETS AGAIN! WHAT NOW!?
HANNIBAL'S ARMY HAS 30 000 FOOT SOLDIERS BUT THEY'RE STILL BEING OVERWHELMED BY OUR SOLDIERS.
EVEN IF THEY HAVE CAVALRY CIRCLING AROUND TO FLANK US,
TO SURROUND OUR FOOT SOLDIERS WILL REQUIRE TEN TIMES THAT NUMBER; 20 000 MEN.
NOT GOOD... THAT'S THE SECOND TRUMPET...
THEY'RE GOING TO START MOVING NOW...
IT MEANS THAT 2000 IS ALL HE NEEDS...
THAT'S HOW MUCH THEY OUTCLASS US BY!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? TAKE A LOOK AT HOW BADLY YOU YOURSELF WERE BEATEN BY THEIR SOLDIERS
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT 2000 MEN THAT HANNIBAL HAS SENT OUT WITH HIS COMPLETE CONFIDENCE.
...BUT GAIUS, THERE'S ONLY 2000 OF THEM RIGHT?





THEY'VE ...
I TOLD YOU, DIDNT I?
HEY... YOU'RE KIDDING ME RIGHT!? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT...


THEY'VE BEEN COMPLETELY SURROUNDED ...

ad astra

Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus Major & Hannibal Barca